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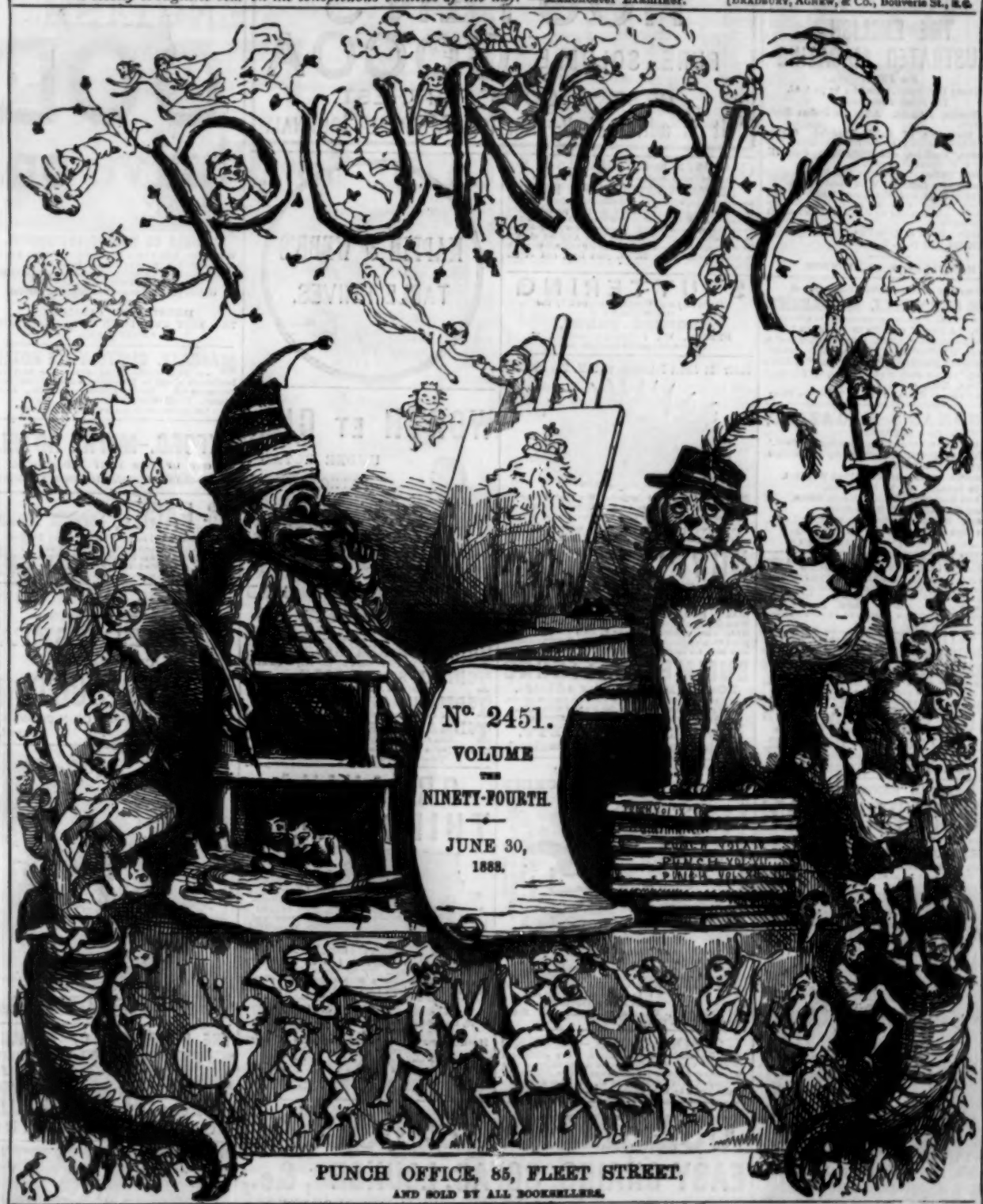


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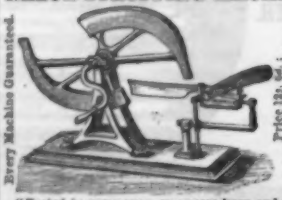


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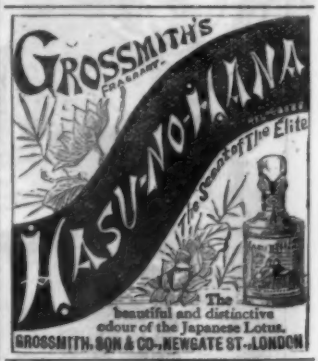


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## "DALY" NEWS.

ONE visit to the Daly Co., now performing *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Gaiety, will make it evident to the student of the English Drama that Theatrical America must have been discovered by the KEMBLES, with Mrs. SIDDONS, followed by MACREADY, PHELPS, COMPTON, and BUCKSTONE, whose good old traditions have not yet been discarded as is evidenced by the occasionally deep tones and courtly

Yankee Shakspeares came to town
On *Petruchio's* pony;
Such a feather in their cap!
Hope they 'll make their money

gestures of the leading members of this company, and in the peculiar mannerisms of the low comedians. What first struck me, after the remarkable performance of Miss ADA REHAN as *Katherine*, was Mr. JOHN DREW's clever embodiment of *Petruchio;* and passing over the cut-and-dried comic business of Mr. JAMES LEWIS as *Grumio*, Mr. F. BOND as *Tranio*, and Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ as *Gremio*, I was delighted with Mrs. GILBERT as *Curtis*, whom the Americans have changed into an old woman after SHAKSPEARE had made a man of him. Miss PHŒBE RUSSELL looks quite Burn-Jonesian as *Bianca*. About the others, with the exception of Mr. WILLIAM GILBERT, the exponent of *Christopher Sly*, there seemed to me to be an amateurishness which was quite inexplicable. But the two, on whom the success of this Elizabethan Farcical Extravaganza depends, are worthy of the greatest praise, of which to Miss REHAN must be allotted the lion's share.

About the spelling of *Petruchio's* name there is admittedly some slight difference of opinion, but about the pronunciation of it as spelt in the Daly Company's bill, "*Petrucio*," there is a good deal of difference among the Daly Company themselves, seeing that the same person is called at one time "*Petruzzio*," at another "*Petrooshio*," and again "*Petrutchio*," according to the taste and fancy of the individual. If the correct spelling be *Petruchio*, the correct pronunciation would be "*Petrukio*." The absence of uniformity in such a matter is a note of indecision in stage management, and throughout the piece there is constant evidence of their still being bound hand and foot by the old theatrical red-tape of the Kemble-Macready tradition, of which the English stage has well rid itself by a series of Emancipation Acts, passed by the leaders of generations of oppressed players "nobly struggling to be free."

Mr. DREW, as the mad-cap, strong-willed, gay and gallant *Petruchio*, has to thank nature for nothing, and art for everything. He doesn't look the part at all, but plays it within a few inches of as well as it is ever likely to be played. To impersonate a man acting a part, and to avoid appearing theatrical and self-conscious, is exceedingly difficult, though just within the resources of dramatic art.

For Miss REHAN as *Katherine* I have unqualified praise. She looks the shrew, she acts the shrew, she exhibits such demoniac possession as can only relieve itself by inarticulate cries of anger, and by violence of action sudden and uncontrollable. When being starved into submission, Miss REHAN so enlists our sympathies, even in the most outrageously farcical situations, that the men in the house begin to think what a cowardly brute is *Petruchio*, and what a shame it is to use this splendid creature so cruelly, when she might have been conquered by kindness. But *Petruchio* is right; if *Katherine* had once got outside a good square meal, he and his cowboy whip, his Buffalo Bill swagger and his burlesque bluster would have had as much effect on SHAKSPEARE's *Katherine* as it has on the audience who are in the secret. And then to note how Miss REHAN wins the audience who remain spell-bound by her wise and gentle delivery of that excellent lecture on the duties of wives towards their husbands, with which the play practically finishes,—the sentiments of which lecture I noticed were greeted with rapturous applause by the elder male portion of the audience, while better halves appeared to be suddenly particularly engaged in getting at their opera-cloaks and wrappers. I wonder how Mrs. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE liked this finishing speech; that is, if dear ANNE was alive at the time, and ever went to the Theatre to see her husband's pieces. The sort of pantomime "hurry" music played at the entrance of *Katharine* is a mistake, though quite in keeping with the old-fashioned notion of the character which Miss REHAN utterly dispels.

When the Daly Company has left us, the truth concerning this performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, will be summed up in two lines,

"REHAN the Shrew
And *Petruchio* 'Drew'."

I advise anyone who doesn't believe in the possibility of this piece being acted nowadays, to go and see Miss REHAN as *Katherine*, and I fancy they will remain of the same opinion still, as, without her, where would this muddle-plotted whimsical farce be? But *with* her it is something to be seen says JACK IN THE BOX.

## THE CLIENT'S RELEASE.

(*Little Legal Operetta, in Active Rehearsal.*)

*A Corridor in the immediate vicinity of the High Court of Justice. A crowd of exasperated Suitors who have been waiting all day, together with their respective Witnesses, Counsel, and Solicitors, in a feverish state of expectancy that their particular case will be the next called on for hearing, discovered huddled together outside the door; a blithe Official steps lightly out. They make an irritable rush at him, and dragging him to the front, with threatening gesticulations, sing the following Chorus:—*

CHORUS.

SPEAK! Why this procrastination!
Have you nothing to say cheering!
Can you give no intimation,
When our case comes on for hearing?
Here for days have we been waiting,
None our angry protests heeding,
Seeing fees accumulating,—
Counsel with refreshers feeding!
Say, must we who justice seek,
Wait perhaps, till this day week!

BLITHE OFFICIAL (*andante*).

I know not of anything that I can say
Which will lighten your chagrin or sorrow.
You came yesterday, you have turned up to-day:—
You had all better show here to-morrow!
And if your attendance to-morrow prove vain,
Then come the day after, and—well, try again!

EXASPERATED SUITOR (*con fuoco*).

He treats our prayers, our threats, with scorn:
Each wasted moment means a fee!
Can such a weight of costs be borne!
Will no one intervene?

[*The Scene suddenly opens at the back and discloses the* Genius of the Bar Committee *and the* Good Fairy of the Incorporated Law Society, *surrounded by a blaze of legal light.*

GENIUS OF THE BAR COMMITTEE *and the* GOOD FAIRY OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY (*ensemble*).

Yes! We!

[*They wave their wands, while there appears above them the List of Causes, which are subdivided into "Special Jury Actions," "Common Jury Actions," and "Non-Jury Actions," and apportioned in "groups" to particular Judges, each case being set down for hearing on a specified day at a fixed hour. All cower before the phenomenon with satisfied stupefaction.*

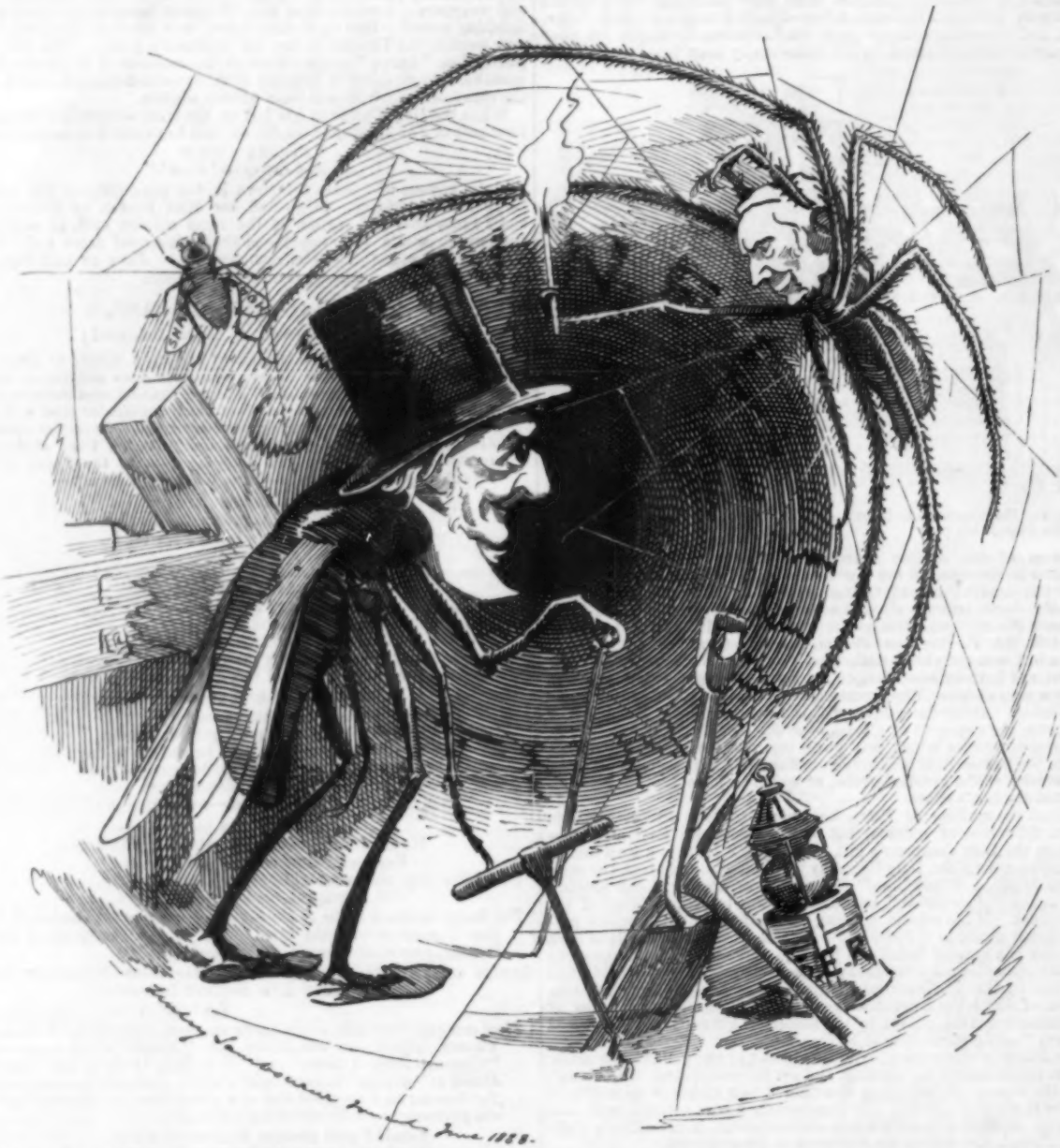
Behold! past practice thus we set aside.
See there, your work before you cut and dried.
Delay is dead! Clears off official mist.
You've but to seek your name upon that list.
No more you'll have to hang about in town;
The day, the hour, the Court, are all set down.
And so we trust we've satisfied our friends—
For Order rules at last, and Chaos ends!

[*They are about to retire gracefully, when they are surrounded by a surging throng of Solicitors, Chief Clerks, Counsel, Clients, and Court Officials, who indulge in a wild appreciative revel as the Curtain descends.*

MORE "G. O. M.'s"!!—Another has been discovered at the Crystal Palace,—"GOOD OLD MANNS." Evidently a pluralist.

## THE WATKIN SPIDER AND THE GLADSTONE FLY.

*(New Version.)*



"WILL you walk into my Tunnel?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis the handiest little Tunnel that ever you did spy.
You've only got to pop your head inside and peep, no more,
And you'll see a many curious things you never saw before.
Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, Grand Old Fly?"

Now, this particular Grand Old Fly *was* very "fly," you know,
And had clear business notions and ideas of *quid pro quo*.
Says he, "About your Tunnel patriots doubt, alarmists chafe;
Of course, it's most ridiculous, but *will you swear it's safe?*
Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you?" said the Grand Old Fly.

Said the Spider to the Fly, "It's most absurd, upon my soul,
To see so big a nation scared about so small a hole.
To share the scare that's in the air is worthy, don't you know,
Not of a Grand Old Fly like you, but of a midge like JOE!
Then won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you, plucky Grand Old Fly?

"Will you show the feather white and vote with JOSEPH, Grand Old Fly?"
"No, if I do, may I be shot! It may be, by-and-by,
I'll ask you—but no matter; with you now my lot is cast."
The Spider laughed, "Ha, ha! my boy, I've got you safe at last!
You will then, will then, will then, will then, really Grand Old Fly!"

## COLERIDGIANA;

### OR, THINGS I STILL WANT TO KNOW.

WHAT is a "Race Performer"? Where is Tattersall's? What is a "Turf Reformer"? Who is WEATHERBY? What is a "pony"? Why is a "pony" sometimes given in exchange for a horse? What is "a friendly claim"? Who or what is the "Derby"? Is it the Earl? Who is Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST? What is meant by "having a bad week of it"? What is the meaning of "winning with a little bit up his sleeve"? What does "six to one bar one" mean? What is "PEARS's Soap"? Who is Mr. BEERBOHM TREE"? What is "Niagara in London"? Why does a MOSES change his name to MORDAUNT? Who is "CORNEY GRAIN"? What are the "Licensing Clauses"? Who are the "Stewards" of the Jockey Club, and what do they do in a rough passage? What is the "Plan of Campaign"? Who is the "Grand Old Man"? What is "The Pompadour"? Who is Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS? Didn't I once make a speech about HENRY IRVING at a dinner? If so, where was the dinner, and who was HENRY IRVING?

## TOYING WITH A PURPOSE.

AT the Avenue Theatre Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in the course of *The Old Guard*, and *à propos* of nothing in particular, suddenly appears as the celebrated walking tin toy figure with the tax-on-wheels cart which has occupied the pavement in the presence of admiring obstructionists for so long. He walks half across the stage and then comes jerkily to a standstill. A man enters to wind him up, and again he urges on his jerky career, and makes his exit satisfactorily, unless the assistant has placed him in not quite a straight line, when the mechanical ARTHUR ROBERTS is unable to go straight. If the Reverend Gentlemen who take an interest in theatrical performances will visit the Avenue—no necessity for Clergymen to "take orders," as they are supposed to possess them already,—they will see Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, after the manner of the "poor player," literally "strutting" his short two minutes on the stage, and, by "going straight," when put in the right way, conveying an excellent lesson to the youth of enfeebled will. And thus the Drama is vindicated as a great moral teacher.

NOTICE.—No room for *Nobody's Diary* this week. So sorry, because it is one of the best chapters. We should be still more sorry, only Nobody cares.

## ONE EFFECT OF THE SWEATING COMMISSION.

*Swell (at West-End Tailor's, to the Foreman).* "AH—LOOK HERE, SNIPSON, I'VE BEEN READING ALL ABOUT THIS SWEATING SYSTEM, DON'TCHERNO,—AND AS I FIND THAT THE THINGS I PAY YOU EIGHT GUINEAS FOR—AH—YOU GET MADE BY THE SWEATERS FOR ABOUT—AH—TWO-AND-SIX—I'VE MADE UP MY MIND—AH—TO DO THE THING WELL, WITHOUT SCREWING YOU DOWN. SO—AH—JUST TAKE MY ORDER *FOR A SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY DRESS SUIT.*"

## ODDS ON THE BAR.

SOME short time ago it was announced that, at one of the Inns of Court, Lectures on special subjects were to be given for the benefit of the members. No doubt a recent case (during which no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice of England admitted his entire ignorance of everything technical in racing) has suggested that a course in Sport would be at the present moment highly popular. If this is so, then we may expect a subsequent examination, of which the following might serve as a specimen "Pass-paper."

1. Explain three of the following expressions in legal phraseology—"Skinning the lamb," "Putting the pot on," "Going a hewler," "Scoring a win by chucking at him an umbrella," and "Standing in with the stable."

2. Given a fashionable jockey, find his probable income, distinguishing between his receipts for riding, training, and horse-dealing, and possible expenses in bringing actions for libel.

3. What is meant by the term "In-and-out running"? Give instances, supplied from cases in the Court of Appeal, in illustration of your answer.

4. Give the pedigrees and list of performances of any two of the following horses—*Ayrshire, Success, Galore, Morebattle, Bonaparte, Nunthorpe, Chitabob, Honey Drop,* and *Camaralzaman.* Write opinion stating the chances of any one of them for Manchester Cup.

5. *Justice Froth*, by *Dogberry*, out of *Chancery Bar*, is a three-year-old, who has been beaten in all his trials, but who was first in a match with *Suitor*, by *Common Sense*, out of *Water*: handicap him for the Cesarewitch, giving reasons for the weight you attach to him.

6. Give a brief history of either (*a*) the Derby, or (*b*) the Leger, with 1, 2, 3 in each race from the year 1849 up to the present time, with a list of contemporary L. C. J.'s and L. C.'s.

7. Write a short essay upon "The Ring and the Bar," discussing the advantages and disadvantages of either profession, and giving your reasons for your ultimate preference.

## "NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

*(Nursery Rhyme for the Saddlery Knaves.)*

As a matter of course
It makes HANBURY cross
To see how knaves saddle the Cavalry horse.
Fine pickings they finger,
These cheats, I suppose,
Whose "leather" means rotten hides smeared with glucose.

SOUNDS FROM SYDENHAM. — Crystal Palace Company giving HANDEL a turn this week. "HANDEL was never knighted," observes the Encyclopædic Sir GEORGE GROVE, "because the King said that the Composer couldn't possibly want a Handle to his name." Doubt whether Sir GEE GEE ever said this. N.B.—The two Correspondents, signing themselves "WAT-THE-DICKENS," and "GRAYSHUS EVANS!" who wish to know "*if Sir George Grove is one of the Groves of Blarney*," we refer to the eminent Musician himself for a more satisfactory answer than it is in our power to offer them.

"HUTT ANTE;" or, "H'as you were," was in effect the verdict of the Jury in favour of the innocence of the polite HUTT,—"polite" to distinguish him from "the rude Hutt" of romance,—and so the young gentleman comes out of the trial "More frightened than Hutt!" N.B.—On the perpetration of this pun, CAMPBELL, the Harleybury "Marshal," was at once sent for, and, to the tune of "*The Campbells is coming, oh dear!*" the Court was immediately cleared.)

WANTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY.—Not foemen worthy of their steel so much as steel worthy of their foemen!

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.—As Tory Doctors say, more local than Constitutional.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Lords, Monday, June* 18.—Peers determined to reform themselves. Going to let out some bad blood, and let in some new. Not any longer going to stand Members of sacred order smoking short clay pipes, wearing pea-jackets with saucer buttons, fighting in back parlours, running theatres, or running away with other men's wives. On other hand, going to strengthen Institution by specially recruiting from outside. Imperious Ministers in the Commons, when they don't know what to do with an esteemed, but useless colleague, make him a Peer.

"Peers," growls BRAMWELL, "are men who have failed at the Home Office or the Colonial."

"Sometimes," said CRANBROOK, who didn't like tone of remark, "they're failures as LAW Officers of the Crown." Glanced with subdued admiration at stately figure of HALSBURY on Woolsack.

However, will be all right now; the Markiss taken matter in hand. Brought in Bill to-night. Awaited with intense interest; listened to with freezing politeness. Turns out to be one of the Markiss's little jokes. ROSEBERY, with high scorn, dilates on modesty of proposal, but will vote for it as admitting though not meeting necessity of reform. DUNRAVEN says ditto. Final blow given to measure regarded as practical reform by SELBORNE heartily approving it. Notion of SELBORNE doing anything heartily rather funny. ARGYLL back again out of the snow-storm. Regards ROSEBERY with freezing displeasure. "What," he asked, "is the Noble Lord driving at in his speeches in this House and out of it?" Then changing metaphor, and seeing visions, he continued: "Men who have been Ministers of the Crown should not throw the great Institutions of this country at the heads of the people." House visibly shuddered at the terrible picture conjured up. Grand Cross regards ROSEBERY through dimmed spectacles.

"A Minister of the Crown," he murmured, "who would lift his hand to throw the great Institutions of the country at the heads of the people, except in kyindness——" Emotion so overcame him, sentence unfinished. Bill read a First Time.

ROSEBERY said nothing. But, speaking at WILLIS's Rooms on Thursday lightly alluded to ARGYLL as "that portentous, political pedagogue." Delicious!

*Business done.*—Commons at work again on Local Government Bill.

*Tuesday.*—SINCLAIR came up to take his seat for Ayr. Result of election not exhilarating for Government; absolutely demoralising for House. Number of bad jokes made on subject unprecedented. Professor JOACHIM, who loves his art, descants dismally on situation. "Just one of those opportunities," he says, "that proves irresistible. Jokes to be made about Ayr are obviously numerous, and not above commonest comprehension. The real high-class joke should have subtlety in it. Always regard it as a failure if when I make a joke more than three out of nine people see it." SINCLAIR's reception hearty, but not quite so dramatic as when EVANS came. Lacked HARCOURT's assistance. HARCOURT just as much to do with winning Ayr as he had with victory at Southampton. But engagement in the country keeps him away, and SINCLAIR gets the cheers which he deserved.

More Committee on the Local Government Bill; also another defeat for Government. Bill proposes that Chief Constable shall be myrmidon of Quarter Sessions; JOHN MORLEY moves Amendment to make him creature of County Councils. On Division, taken in crowded House, Government defeated by 30.

"Very remarkable thing," said Old Morality, nervously rubbing his hands, "were defeated last Tuesday. It wasn't for this that we took Tuesdays from private Members."

After excitement of morning sitting, spent cheerful evening with Scotch Members, concerning the Assessment of Property in Scotland for Ecclesiastical Purposes. Turned out in course of debate that this is Scotch for Church Rates. LORD-ADVOCATE very angry; already suffered enough for one Session from Scotch Members; too bad to be brought away prematurely from his haggis to hear HUNTER on Church Rates. Growls and glares. Nearly frightens life out of SINCLAIR. Not used to these ebullitions. WALLACE, strategically getting near the door, shouts out, "LORD-ADVOCATE bears down, with the aid of English Members, the opinion of the country he nominally represents." Then WALLACE flees for his life, and great hush falls on assembly. LORD-ADVOCATE's hand instinctively goes in search of claymore. If he'd found it, and could have come up with WALLACE, there would have been vacancy in representation of East Edinburgh. But weapon not handy; WALLACE fled; has time to subside.

"All very well, TOBY," he said, when I suggested he might "take it out" of LYON PLAYFAIR; "but this state of things evidently can't go on long. Either these Scotch Members must be got rid of, or the Markiss will have to carry on his Government without Me. It is evident we can't breathe the same air."

*Business done.*—Getting on with Local Government Bill.

*Wednesday.*—Don't hear of BRABOURNE in these days. Liberals won't talk of him; Conservatives don't like to. Will take his vote, but rather not have his speech. To-day comes letter in which he casts off his son, who stands as Liberal Candidate for Thanet.

Stern Father Br-b-rne repudiating his Offspring!

"Magnificent literary composition, in which the feelings of a father struggle helplessly in stern grip of the principles of a statesman Doncha?" said WILFRID LAWSON.

"Well, if you ask me what I think," said Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "I'll tell you. Have always thought this was one of BRABOURNE's little moves. Having planted himself in Tory camp, thinks it might be convenient if he lodged a son in the Liberal. Then, whichever Party in power, there might be pickings for The PADDOCKS, something sweet for SMEETH. Thought that from the first. This letter convinces me. Nothing better calculated to make honest voter plump for KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN than to be told his father had cast him off."

"Wish I could vary the conversation by saying something complimentary of BRABOURNE," said CHAPLIN. "Curious, that a man who has travelled all round political compass should not pick up a friend. Ever hear the story about ROWTON? When BRABOURNE took town house, showed ROWTON over it. Came to his own study. 'Nice cosy room this,' he said, 'though not very large. It's here where I entertain my political friends.' 'Ah,' said ROWTON, 'It will be large enough for *that*?'"

*Business done.*—Libel Law Amendment Bill through Committee.

*Thursday.*—Several important questions on to-night. Sugar Bounty Conference, Night Arrests in Ireland, the Ayr Election, Imprisonment of JOHN DILLON, threatened Vote of "No Confidence." All obscured by COBB's cross-examination of HOME SECRETARY. Seems that Rugby Habitation of Primrose League held high festival last Saturday. Among items on programme was race in which a dog, a lamb, and a hen competed. CHARLES RUSSELL pricked up ears. CHAPLIN pulled out suspicious looking note-book. Somebody murmured "Three to one on the dog."

HOME SECRETARY explained: First of all, the gay sportsmen at Rugby were not in for a lamb, but for a sheep. The dog "a very small terrier." As for the hen, its proceedings utterly unworthy of distinction conferred upon it. When brought up to starting-post

L-rd R-s-b-ry "throwing the Institutions of the Country at the Heads of the People."

grossly misunderstood situation. Instead of leading the way and making the running for the sheep, it settled comfortably on the grass, refused to move, and was carried off. Murmurs of sympathy with disappointed Primrose-Leaguers, MANTALINI MATTHEWS much moved whilst relating the incidents. When he sank back on Treasury Bench, took out cambric pocket-handkerchief and mopped moist eyes. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

*Friday.*—Thunder; lightning; earthquake; Vote of "No Confidence!" JOHN MORLEY gave notice to-day. Old Morality accepted challenge for Monday. Quite like old times.

*Business done.*—Local Government Bill in Committee.

## AN ACUTE ENGEL.

*Our Celebrities, a Portrait Gallery*, is being brought out by Messrs. SWAN, SONNESCHEIN, & Co. The photographs ought to be first-rate, with regular assistance of Sunshine & Co. assured every month for the ridiculously small sum of two-and-sixpence. J. WALERY is the Photographer, and LOUIS ENGEL—the Unlimited LOUIS ENGEL, of the *World*—is the Monographer. The first Number of the series is out this week, dated July 1st, of which "the Contents" are, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the Marquis of SALISBURY, and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. They look like "The Contents," and we should say, after inspection, that the Non-Contents would be very few, if any. Associated as the name of "L. E." is with music, being himself a composer, musician, and musical critic, we should have expected the presence of at least one musical celebrity in No. 1. But L. E., not by any means "an obtuse Engel," has taken care of Number One, and so we suppose it's all right. No Ladies are to be admitted, excepting, a great exception, here and there,—though we should say it will be difficult to keep "*Darling Mine*" out of the collection. He has chosen three distinguished Englishmen to lead off with, and has monographed them in his own peculiar style, which is "so Engel-ish, you know."

"In Camerâ."

## OPERATIC NOTES.

*Monday*—is "*Black Monday*"!

*Tuesday.*—The *Barbière*. Miss ARNOLDSEN a most *piquante Rosina*, and RAVELLI the Reliable a musically correct, but not a dashing *Almaviva*. NAVARRINI a melodramatic *Figaro*, and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ too majestic for *Basilio*,—not his line at all,—but in both cases the music has rarely been better sung. CIAMPI revels in *Don Bartolo*; Signor RANDEGGER and the Orchestra revel in CIAMPI. Jokes, presumably "gag," in Italian. Only one person in front row of stalls, who evidently wishes everyone to know that he understands Italian, laughs heartily. Signor CIAMPI reminds me occasionally of that eminent basso, LIONELLO BROUGHO. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent refuses *encore* for her duenna's song: very considerate of her, as it is getting unconscionably late. Nobody in the audience thinks what the time is, but only what the Tune is while the *Barbière* is being played.

Delightful to listen to the conversation, evidently intended to be overheard, of a well-informed lady and gentleman behind me, who are seldom right. "Here's *Figaro* coming," says the gentleman, and immediately enters *Almaviva*. "This is *Don Basilio*," explains the lady when CIAMPI walks on as *Don Bartolo*. In the Singing-lesson scene Miss ARNOLDSEN gives us the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*. "Ah, charming!" exclaims the gentleman in rapture, "so like ROSSINI! Best thing he ever wrote." ARNOLDSEN *encored*, sings "*Home, Sweet Home!*" "Well," exclaims the lady, rather startled, "I never knew *that* was in this Opera!" "Didn't you, dear?" says the gentleman, delighted at the chance of setting her right and at the same time imparting valuable information to his neighbours. "Don't you remember it was introduced here, like the "*Last Rose of Summer*" was in some other Opera, and ROSSINI stuck to it that it was his own composition? I think there was a lawsuit about it." "Why does she sing it in English?" asks the lady. "Because ARNOLDSON's an Englishwoman," returns the gentleman conclusively, as if the circumstance were a matter of general knowledge to all *habitués* of the Opera.

Everybody delighted with *Barbière*. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., in ecstasies at the shaving scene; thinks of throwing up his practice, dashing his wig, and taking to the Lyric Italian Stage. Might succeed to CIAMPI, if DRURIOLANUS has no objection. Mrs. SHAW, *La Siffleuse*, is present, and thinks it all "sweet." She would very much like to whistle *Rosina's* part in the Lesson scene.

"Reminds me of the time I was on the stage," observes the gallant SWAINE, A.D.C., leaning on his gold-headed stick, "at Cambridge. Used to sing then. Every air charming, eh?" he says, turning to a fine old English Gentleman in the lobby. "Except the Ayr of Scotland," replies Signor CHAPLINI, as he turns on his heel and hurries out into the wintry night.

*Wednesday.*—*Faust* again. Enthusiastic Composer, who publishes under the name of WALTER AUSTIN (and why not?), protests loudly in the Hall "after the Opera's over" that "never, never, in all his life, since the palmy days of *The Fire King* at Leeds, has he ever heard such an *ensemble*, or seen acting like LASSALLE's as *Valentine*. If," he continues, addressing Dr. WYLDE, and interrupting him just as he is telling a circle of interested listeners that everyone who made a success on the lyric stage had been his pupil at the School of Music, "If," says W. A., emphatically buttonhole-ing Dr. W., "it hadn't been for the people coming in late and treading on my toes, I should have passed the most enjoyable evening I ever remember at the Italian Opera." "I see," returns the Doctor, somewhat shortly—but brevity is the soul of wit,—"then you didn't enjoy it *in toto*;" and he escapes to his carriage, while the Composer strikes the light lucifer from *The Fire King's* patent match-box, illumines a cigar, and slowly walks out, pondering.

*Thursday.*—*Fra Diavolo*, for the first and only time this season. Not seen it for years. Though every air in it is as familiar in my ears as household words, yet as the Opera proceeds, I begin to doubt if I have ever *seen* it before at all. Have mixed up the story with *La Sonnambula*. RAVELLI the Reliable more at home in the fun of this part than he was as *Almaviva*,—which he also enjoyed, rather. In the Bed-room scene he is decidedly more comic than the second humorous villain; in fact, RAVELLI the Reliable revels in the Ridiculous, and becomes Recklessly Rollicking.

ELLA RUSSELL, sprightly and coquettish as *Zerlina*, sings the *Diavolo Band-ditty* well and dramatically. Much interest evinced among the audience when she is at her toilet preparing to go to rest. Ladies titter; gentlemen discreetly use lorgnettes. Being the Maid of the Inn, she has to be up and dressed quite early in the morning, in order to fetch the hot water ("She looks fetching," observes the gallant Major A.D.C.), and to call the visitors for the first coach; otherwise the practice of going to bed in tightly-laced stays, and high-heeled shoes, cannot be beneficial to health, even in Italy. By the way, what palatial apartments there are in the small Inn at Pontresina. You would never imagine their existence from the exterior as seen in the First Act.

Signor CIAMPI, as *Lord Rocburg* (first cousin to *Lord Allcash*), is made up after the caricatures of the travelling English in a French comic paper. His very modern travelling costume is an anachronism; as his weeping whiskers, curl-papers, and dressing-gown, are of the *Mantalini* period. He reminds me of "The Swell" in the pantomime, who, when there were comic scenes, used to receive most cruel treatment from Clown and Pantaloon. As a whole, CIAMPI and Mlle. LABLACHE are a thorough burlesque couple; the lady being, of course, the better half. I wait until the treacherous villain gives the signal for the *bel capitan* to come into the trap, and then I rush out to get into my own trap, for I cannot sit there quietly and see RAVELLI Riddled. Delighted with the music. Signor MANCINELLI conducts his Bandits well and wisely. But I am told that this Opera never was popular. Can't believe it: but can't deny it.

*Saturday.*—*Lohengrin* again. Same splendid cast as before. Evidently public prefer big Operas at Covent Garden to small ones. Exhibitions have not in the least as yet injured Opera or Theatres. Three or four Exhibitions can only injure one another.

PATENTED TITLE.—A Job-master starting in business asked a poetic friend to select for him some appropriate title to put over the entrance to his establishment. "You let out riding horses?" asked the friend. "Exactly." "Well, then, advertise 'Excelsior! No more buying and being sold; try the Excelsior System!'" "Ah! but what is the Excelsior System?" asked the Job-master. "Why the 'Hire System,' of course." And if the friend had been connected with the Board of Works, he would have received a couple of hundred for the suggestion.

SUB (PUNCH-AND-) JUDICE.—If, by the time this appears, CHARLES WOOD shall have gained his case, the verdict may be appropriately stated as "GOOD WOOD."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A Vacancy. Great opportunity for an experienced COIFFEUR in want of a first-rate Situation, as, at the end of this Season, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL will lose their HARE—all requests to Mr. and Mrs. K. that "they would keep their Hare on," notwithstanding—and the Hare-dresser will, it is expected, also quit the establishment.

## HAPPY THOUGHT.

*Mrs. Triplets* "AND HOW IS YOUR CONCERT GETTING ON, HERR PFEIFFER?"

*Eminent Violinist.* "*PUDIFUL*, AS FAR AS DE *BROGRAMME* IS CONCERNED—BEETHOVEN—SCHUMANN—BRAHMS! BUT ZE *DICKETS* DON'T ZELL!! ACH! PY ZE VAY, MRS. TRIPLETS, YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAF ZOCH A ZING AS A *MOOZICÁLISH INFANTILE VENOMENON* APOUT YOU ZAT YOU COULD LEND ME FOR ZE OCCASION—JA? GONZERTINA!—PANTSCHO!—PONES!—GOMB!—*ANYZING* VILL BLEASE ZE PRITISH BOBLIC, *IF ZE BERFORMER IS ONTER FIFE YEARS OLT!*"

## "WHAT A NICE LOT OF NEW FRIENDS I'M MAKING!"

(*A Catch for Three Voices.*)

*Bishop.* I am glad, JOE, to find you have altered your mind
About Secular Schooling. Your late recantation——
*Brum.* Fresh light, my dear Sir, dawns on all—save the blind.
But recant!—oh! pray spare me that insinuation—
A term that is *too* theological!
*Bung.* Yes.
New friends should let bygones be bygones, dear Bishop.
Our JOSEPH's old customers never could guess
They would see him—excuse the trade term, gents—in *this* shop.
Make friends with the Publican? JOSEPH? Nay, nay!
And yet now his face, as a friend, at my bar I see.
*Bishop.* And I at my School!
*Brum* (*aside*). Which my foes, I dare say,
Will tell me looks like making friends with the Pharisee.
(*Aloud.*) Well, union of hearts is occasion for glee,
So I give you the toast of "We Three!" gents!
*Tutti.* "We three!!!"

*Bishop.* *Tria juncta in uno*—which means, my dear BUNG,
Three united in one—should be henceforth our maxim.
*Bung.* I likes toasts and things in my own mother tongue.
BUNG knows which dashed party will snub 'im and tax 'im,
And that's not the Church-and-State party, no fear!
Them's the pride of my 'art and the 'ope of the nation.
*You* gents wouldn't rob a poor man of his beer,
Nor yet of his morals by free Eddication!
*Brum* (*aside*). Phew! What a nice lot of new friends, to be sure,
I am making! Well, mine is a game needs finessing.
I now "play the Bishop." If that should secure
A chance for a check, 'twere a boon and a blessing.
(*Aloud.*) Well, Gentlemen, you are for Union, like Me!
So once more, here's the toast of "We Three!" friends!
*Tutti* (*fortissimo*). "We Three!!!"

## THE DRAMATIC CRITIC'S DIARY.

*Monday.*—Morning performance of a new and original farcical Comedy, in four Acts, called *Plum-Pudding*, by J. SMITH. Bald adaptation of a German piece "done into English" several times before.

*Tuesday.*—Special day performance of *Macbeth: Lady Macbeth*, Miss ROSINA SNOOKS; first appearance on any stage—and last!

*Wednesday.*—Trial of *Eaton Square: a Comedy of High Life*, by SHAKESPEARE GARRICK POTTS. Theatre half empty; audience entirely "dead heads." Subsequent provincial tour of Mr. POTTS and "his great London Success Company."

*Thursday.*—Special *Matinée* for the introduction of Mrs. TWENTYSTONE in the character of *Juliet*. *Romeo* by her coach, Mr. MOSES METHUSELAH (established as a dramatic agent for more than fifty years).

*Friday.*—Three *Matinées* and four evening performances. Writing all night so as to be in time for the morning papers.

*Saturday.*—Visit to new invention in Curtains. Press breakfast. Inspection of Austro-Hungarian Exhibition. Press luncheon. Look in at the Royal Scotch Puppets. Press five o'clock tea. Inaugural dinner at the new hotel. Press banquet. *Soirée* at the Footlights Club. Press supper.

*Sunday.*—In the hands of the Doctor!

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN has offered to present the Conductor of the best Choir competing at the Eisteddfod with a *bâton* made of Welsh gold, to become the property of any Choir winning it two years in succession. Meanwhile, of course, the *bâton* will remain a real Gold Stick in Waiting.

BROUGHT TO A HEAD.—In a recent correspondence commenced by the Author of *Tracked Out*, the question has been raised as to whether a head can live that has no body. Perhaps not; but there are many worthy bodies living with no sort of head on their shoulders.

# "DELIGHTFUL!"

Artful Joseph. "WHAT A LOT OF NICE NEW FRIENDS I'M MAKING!"

"The Archbishop referred, amid cheers, to the words of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the opening of a Board School at Birmingham in the acknowledgment that Voluntary Schools must have their place in the education of the people recognised."—*Times' Report of Meeting of National Society.*

## AN AGGRIEVED UNIVERSALIST.

DEAR SIR,—Are Editors to be allowed to do what they like with Contributors?* And especially with Reverend Contributors?† Is a writer in my position‡ to lie down§ and be trampled upon by a tyrannical Editor? Never! And I repeat "Never" for ever.¶ What is my complaint?‖

"The Parson at the Play? O Fie!"
*Universal Review, June, p. 248.*

Well, Sir, I sent a serious article to the high-class and high-coloured *Almost Universal Review*—which may well be the colour it is, and blush for its Editor's treatment of me**—a serious article I say, Sir, carefully penned and closely reasoned out, on an interesting moral and theological subject, entitled *Pre-Historic Music; or, The Piper that played before Moses*, and, would you believe it, Sir,†† this flippant Editor, whose name is ARRY COUNTERPANER, illustrates my most serious text with pictures of ballet-girls‡‡ in such attitudes!—Oh, me!—and in the shortest skirts!‖ Sir, I am very angry. I don't know when I've been more annoyed,—except when I lost my pet rooster, which crowed so beautifully as to be the delight of all my neighbours. Do you remember?§§ If not, I am still more

The Aggrieved Contributor,
*Thistledown Vicarage, Bray.* H. E. HAWISH.

* Certainly.—ED. † Still more certainly.—ED.
‡ What position?—ED. § Nonsense. Can't write lying down.—ED.
¶ Rather tiring this. Monotonous for the audience.—ED.
‖ Don't know. Consult a Physician.—ED.
** He can blush for himself. The colour of the Review its Contributor ought to be pleased with, as symbolical of Reddy Wit.—ED. (This is meant to be complimentary.)
†† No, we wouldn't.—ED.
‡‡ How did the Reverend Contributor know they were ballet-girls? This letter seems to recall a similar case, concerning which the Rev. MR. HAWEIS wrote last week to *The Standard*. He had contributed an article on The Parson at the Play—poor stuff, by the way—to *The Universal Review*, and Mr. QUILTER, the Editor, tried to enliven it with illustrations of ballet-dancers, some of which he might have had in stock, and wanted to work off. The only mistake was the introduction of an un-English pulpit, and an un-English-Churchman in it, preaching to some *coryphées*.—ED.
§§ "Do you remember?" Rather—"Can you forget!" as Miss GRACE DAMIAN so feelingly sings.—ED.

## DONNYBROOK OUTDONE.

"The Fancy Fair in the old Irish Market-place at the Irish Exhibition, postponed in consequence of the death of the German Emperor, is now fixed for July 17, 18, 19, and 20."

HERE'S wishing good fortune to PAT'S Fancy Fair;
May Ireland in all her best glory be there,
Though *sans* Sprig of Shillelagh, *with* Shamrock so green.
With another guess Fair—that of famed Donnybrook—
She too long has been linked; but how lovely she'll look,
With smiling black eyes, but no blackthorn in fist;
The latter the Sassenach dour *may* resist,
But the former will make us all thralls to the Green!

## TWO PROFESSIONS.

WOOD, the Jockey, plaintiff in WOOD *v.* COX, cheerfully owned to making £4000 a-year by Jockeyship. No "Whine from the WOOD" about such an income. A successful Comedian makes from £40 to £80 per week, and an average one about £15. What shall we try to make of our boys—Jockeys or Comedians? "'Tis better to have tried and failed, Than never to have tried at all." Many a rising young Barrister who heard WOOD's evidence on this point must have wished he had gone in for the pigskin instead of the woolsack, unless he felt sure of being LOCK-WOOD, Q.C., instead of CHARLES WOOD. As to the Stage, there is the chance of becoming a TREE, which is not so big, of course, as a WOOD. But in this profession an amateur who aims at being a TREE may finish by being only a stick. Mr. J. L. TOOLE was present on one occasion during this trial, when Lord COLERIDGE stated severely that he would not have his Court turned into a theatre. "Quite right, your Ludship!" exclaimed the eminent Comedian. "Too many theatres already." Mr. TOOLE at once quitted the Court in charge of the Tipstaff. In the evening, however, he played *The Don* as usual.

PARLIAMENTARY MUSICAL DEFINITION.—"G minor,"—HERBERT GLADSTONE.

## ROBERT AT A WENSON FEAST.

ONE of them nice liberral intelligent gennelmen who kindly takes charge of the jewvenile Sheryffs, and turns 'em out at the hend of their year of ofishal life quite fit and quite hegar for the more higher office of Aldermen, asked about fifty of his werry hiest frends and aqwaintenses to dinner at that nice little favrite house of mine, the Gildhall Tavern, to do honner to a present of Wenson sent to the Chairman by Her Most Grayshus Majesty Queen VICTORIA herself, to show how compleatly she was satisfied with his conduck as Hunder Sherryff! What a grand and nobel thing is Royalty! Supposing as the appy and onered Chairman had dun somethink to satisfy sumboddy else, they would have most likely said, thank you, Sir, and there an nend. But with Royalty, back cums two splendid Hornches of Wenson, one a Buck-un and one a Doe-un, and Royalty says in this werry royal manor, "eat, drink, and be appy!" And so they did, and so they was. I never never seed a merrier party. They was all quite fust-rate, with jest a few grand old Deputtys sprinkled about here and there jest to give a tone and a charackter to the hole lot.

It was a werry elegant *Menu*, printed in red and gold, and the contents, with one xseption, wurthy of the distingwished cumpany, and the appy Chairman. But what a xception! I appened quite by chance to see BROWN a looking at one, and then begin a grinning and a showing of it to one of his brethren, and then they both looked at me, and grinned again. So my kuricsity was natrally xcited, and I took one up and red it. And oh, shades of UDY and FRANK ERTELLY! what did my wundering eyes read? Between the Sammon, the Turbot, and the Croquets, and the Roast Hornsh of Royal Wenson, appeared the follering line, all in red cappital letters, "*Sucking Pig, Sauce Robert!!!*" And, to add hinsult to hinjury, the sauce thus named was what is known to the wulgar as "*Sage and inions!*" I don't know when I have bin so shamefully hinsulted, and BROWN'S ribbledry hadded another pang to my wounded feelings. I don't mind confessing, now that it is too late, that one of my werry fondest dreams was, when the inewitable time came that I had not enuff patience for to Wait no longer, to leave my honerd name assoiihated with such a Sauce as shoud keep it in fond memory for countless ginerations of Corporation diners.

The many hours I have diddicated to this noble haspiration is now all wuss than wasted! and O! the many boxes of no matter whoose p-lls I have had to swaller when pursuing my many werry trying xperiments! But all in wain; and one cruel blow from a thoughtless *Sheff* has blited my fondest hopes, and lost me praps quite a nice little propputy. But such is life! We builds up our Carsels of Cards hier, and hier, and hier, and with tears upon tears; and jist as we thinks we is a going for to put the finishing touch to our great Picter, our grand Statty, or an emortal Sauce, somethink happens, and down comes the labour of long ears, and we stands elpless and agarst, amid the ruins of our wastid lives!

But a troose to these sad thorts, and let us, as the French says, return to our Wensons. Well, our Buck wenson we roasted, and our Doe wenson we braized, and amost every one of the gestes tried both, and werry few on 'em coud tell one from t'other, xcept of course the members of the Hepping Forrist Cummitty, who natrally knew both by instinkt. Sum few of the werry sewerest of the wensonian Crickits wentered to say as they didn't think as it had bin kept hanging quite long enuff, but they all looked most remarkable small when the Chairman informed 'em as he had kep it hanging rather more than three munse. To be sure it was in a Cold Store, but still hanging is hanging all the world over, including New Zeeland itself, and it woud ha' been rather unloyal to look a Royal gift Buck in the mouth to see how long he'd been kept hanging.

The Chairman set the good xampel of short speeches, and all follerd suit. What a nobel thing it woud be if all Royal presents of Wenson was consumed in the same natral and libral way.

ROBERT.

THE RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—Last Wednesday Botanical Gardens Flower Show. Rain of course. Might have been predicted. Gardens soaking. So much wet about—quite Botany Bay.

MRS. RAM says she thinks of sending her youngest nephew to an Agricultural College to study Farmacy.

A STUTTERING Liberal-Unionist said that "the ter-ter-trees he is most f-f-fond of are se-se-cedars."

**SECRET MEETING OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.**

(THURSDAY, JUNE 21st.)

*Lord S-l-sb-ry and Chorus (fortissimo).* "But soft! We must dissemble!"

## ANOTHER LITTLE TALE OF "MR. G."

The following little story of Mr. Gladstone, which is said by the *Manchester Guardian* to be "highly characteristic of his versatile intensity," was recently quoted from that paper by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"After an interesting interview with a prominent author whose acquaintance he had newly made, in reply to a courteous hope that his life and strength might long be spared, Mr. Gladstone said: 'Yes, I confess I wish to live, for two great objects. You can guess one of them. It is to settle the Irish question. The other is to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity between the theology of Homer and that of the Old Testament.'"

Having been favoured with another little story of Mr. Gladstone of the same kind, and one which seems to be, if possible, even more characteristic of his versatile intensity, we subjoin it without comment.

At the close of a deeply religious controversy with a well-known Archbishop whom he happened to meet at a Garden Party, in response to a cautious inquiry whether he felt his life and strength equal to anything, Mr. Gladstone much surprised his reverend interlocutor by replying, "I should think so: rather. And I'll tell you what I've got to do before I die. I want to sing the tenor's part in the *Huguenots*, ride the winning horse for the Derby three years running, go up in a balloon hanging on by my teeth, and give a conjuring and ventroloquial entertainment at the Westminster Aquarium. Nor is this all. I'm going to preach from the pulpit of St. Paul's, ride up the Row wearing the Speaker's wig, get a diploma as a double-tooth extractor from the Dental Hospital, drive the Dorking Coach, and go over the Falls of Niagara in a barrel at the panorama in York Street. Add to this that I propose swimming across the Channel from Dover to Calais, writing the Drury Lane Pantomime, and appearing in the Harlequinade myself as Clown, entering a lion's den, putting my head in his mouth and tickling his throat till I made him cough, and then rowing stroke in the Oxford boat next year when they race Cambridge, and you may be pretty sure I've got plenty of things ready to set my hand to. And what's more; I mean to do 'em."

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A New Character in Journalism.—The "Religious Editor"—*vide* letter to *Times*, from the Editor of *The Contemporary Pulpit*, about the Bishop of Peterborough's sermons—is a new character professionally in journalism. "I speak not for myself," he writes; the style of "The Religious Editor" being quite Apostolic—much more so than that of the Bishop of Peterborough, whose letter of complaint to the *Times* was characterised by flippancy, especially in its joke about "Extra"—"I speak not for myself," writes the R. E., with all humility, "but for all Religious Editors, when I say," &c. And what he does say is, that he is quite willing to pay for the copyright of sermons by the Best Preachers, if each one will revise his proofs, and put his name to his own discourse,—a proposition to which, as it appears, very few of the Best Preachers are inclined to accede. But, anyhow, "The Religious Editor" is delightful. What a paper, called let us say, "*Tersweth*," *Mr. Chadband* might have started with *Pecksniff*, *Uriah Heep the 'Umble*, *Stiggins*, and a few others, as principal Religious Contributors. Labby, M.P., must tremble at the bare possibility of such a notion.

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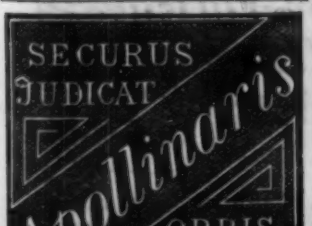


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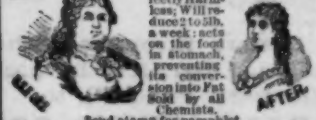


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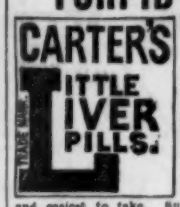


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